

Do make against it: No good Werster, no,
We loue our people well; euen those we loue
That are misled vpon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euerie man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they shall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Douglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euerie Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God besfriend vs, as our cause is iust. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me downe in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time Hal, and all well,
Prin. Why, thou ow'st heauen a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him
before his day. What neede I bee so forward with him,
that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour prickes
me on. But how if Honour prickes me off when I come
on? How then? Can Honour set too a legge? No: or an
arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No.
Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour?
A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A
trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wednesday,
Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it
insensible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with
the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not suffer it, therefore
Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and so
ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The libera'll kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in others faults:
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stocke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who ne're so tame, so cherisht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his Ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,

And an adopted name of Ptiuledge,
A haire-brain'd *Hotspurre*, govern'd by a Spleene.
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliuier what you will, Ile say 'tis so,
Heere comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuier vp my Lord of Westmerland.
Vnkle, what newe?

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently.
Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.
Hot. Lord *Douglas*: Go you and tell him for
Dow. Marry and shall, and verie willingly.

Exit Douglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greevances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Douglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales slept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and prooue of Armes.

He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimn'd vp your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your desertings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valed with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with such a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your blood vp with perswasion.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.
Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the triuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye, braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire; none yet
When the intent for bearing them is iust.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his best. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whose worthy temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meete withall;
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now Esperance Percy, and set on:

Sound all the lofty Instruments of Warre,
And by that Musick, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, some of vs neuer shall
A second time do such a courtesie.
They embrace, the Trumpets sound, the King entereth
With his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter
Douglas, and *Sir Walter Blunt*.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battell thus y'crossst me?
What honor dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Douglas*, and I
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus.

Because some tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeness: for insted of thee King *Harry*;

This Sword hath ended him, so shall it thee;
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as a Prisoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou shalt fide a King that will reuenge
Lord's Staffords death.

Fight. *Blunt* is slaine, then enters *Hotspurre*.

Hot. O *Douglas*, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king.

Hot. Where? where? where? where? where? where? where?

Dow. Heere, vpon the body of the king.

Hot. This *Douglas*? No, I know this face full well: I
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himselfe.

Dow. Ah fadde! go with thy soule whether it goes,
Abow'd Title hast thou bought too deere.

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coates;
Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,

He murder all his Wardrobe peace by peace.

Blunt meet the King, and saw I *Hotspurre*;

And I, vpon a way, did slay him, and did saw of his
Our Souldiers stand full fauery for the day.

Fal. Though he could scape thout-free at London, I fear
The shot heere: heere's no fearing but vpon the pate. Soft

who are you? *Sir Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you:
heere's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as hea-

uy too; heauen keepe Lettours of mee, I neede no more
weight then mine owne Bowelles: I haue led my rag of

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